













It was on a Sunday evening early last winter that I saw the book of Allister Kennedy. Months before, in talking of the work of the publisher, he had mentioned that he had grown bold and was writing at length. Then and several times since I had asked him to tell me more than the mere fact, to describe his motive and characters; but always he had laughingly refused. Finally, however, he was constant in everything save in affairs of authorship. He could say that he had found a vein of life as yet unworked by the novelist. When the book was finished, I should like to tell you, I will then my curiosity must be unsatisfied.

A day or two before the evening he had written me that his work was done, and that the book would be brought out at Christmas. The publishers had returned the manuscript with the suggestion of alterations, and if I like I might see it before it finally left him. My answer to the letter was a visit to his rooms on the evening, and of this visit and of what followed I can tell you. As I have said, I will tell the incidents of the two or three hours from the time Kennedy replied to my congratulations.

"Yes," he said, "Brown & Bowyer have accepted it, and I expect a big sale. I don't think the book is badly done, but then I am prejudiced. You shall judge for yourself. Here it is. Do you read, and I will smoke and watch if you approve."

I took the bundle he passed across the table and turned over the typewritten sheets and looked at his book. The unworked vein of life was the Salvation Army. On a gray background of barracks room and shelter he had shown gray pictures of men and women. With the shrouded faces of the glances of his hand he told the loves and hates of captain and lieutenant, hand and hand, and the unkindness of it was an unkind book. Blame was heaped out and clearly, praise seldom and in a falsest of cynicism. The writing was the work of a man, and I was, though the book was, it was clearly made and would find a public willing to buy. Chapter after chapter I quickly read. All were written with skill, and all had a certain charm. The book would have the success that was hoped for. But it was bad, had as it was clever. At the end of a bitter impetuosity entitled "Blood Loyal," I stood of the reading. Pushing back my chair, I looked to Kennedy in amazement.

"Well," he said, "what do you think of it? Will it go?"

"The book is not good," I said. "It is very easy to abuse people and parties of people to help the world the had and hold back the good."

"That is not what I mean," he interrupted. "Is the book well written? Will it sell?"

"Yes," I said. "The writing has strength and will go. But the whole is unfair. I cannot understand how you, Kennedy, an emotional man, could have written it. Where is the morality?"

"If the book takes," he said somewhat angrily, "I shall be content. The morality is in the book, and I am not going to the army. Well, perhaps I am, and perhaps I am right to do so. Let me ask you a question. Have you ever been to a Salvationist meeting, or slept in a shelter, or talked to a soldier?"

"No," I said. "But I have seen them. You confess," he interrupted, "You know nothing of the people or their methods, and yet I am unfair. Why, my dear fellow, I have lived from life for months and have seen the life of the people and you are unfair. But it is not too late to begin to study. I am not quite satisfied with the coloring of the third—the conversation—chapter and should like to watch another meeting. There is a hall but a few miles from here, and I will take you. You shall listen to the bandmen as with music they charm the world. You shall see the sisters as with flourish of tambourine they charm the bandmen. You will come."

"You talk as you write, Kennedy," I said. "Yes, I will come. When do we start?"

"Now," he said, gathering together the typewritten sheets. "I will put these in a box, and I will bring them to you. You may want to refer to them, and we will go as little as possible."

His anger had gone at the thought of going to the Salvationist hall. He had laughed as he gave me my hand and led the way to the street. Arm in arm we walked to the corner and across to the low roofed building, which was the hall.

"It is late, and we have commenced, but I think that is all right. Come in, God bless you," said the soldier at the entrance as we passed into the meeting.

"Yes, the seats are all taken. We will wait here," said Kennedy, placing his book on the floor, and near the beginning of the middle aisle we stood and looked about the room.

Across the far end was raised a platform, on one side of which sat men who played on this and that instrument and were the same and on the other women who shook tambourines and sang in high, shrill voices and were now the followers and now the leaders of the men. Below the platform, and with faces sometimes toward and sometimes away from it, stood the captain, wearing rude time with the hymn book in his hand. Between the captain and our place of watching were 800 or 400 people, who sang or tapped their feet on the floor, or were silent as was their mood.

Around the captain, as people were in his wooden walls, with 100 decorations and 100 mottoes and advertisements of Army merchandise and Army meetings.

"Brothers and sisters," said the captain, "as some of you know, we have a visitor tonight. Lieutenant Gray has come from Edinburgh to speak to us and has much to say. May the Lord bless her words. Will you stand here, lieutenant, please, and be among us?"

"Willingly," said a girl in the front row of the platform as she took his hand and stepped to his side. "Willingly, captain. I wish to speak so that you may all hear, and like well to be among you. Truly I have much to say, and may the Lord indeed bless her words."

"The lieutenant is pretty," whispered Kennedy as, raising her bonnet and throwing back her head, she began her address. "She is very pretty. I wonder we did not notice her before. What do you think of her?"

"For a time I gazed down the aisle to the girl and listened to her words. She was more than pretty; she was beautiful. The black oval bonnet was setting for a finely formed face, made brighter by earnest eyes looking from the shadow of dark waving hair. The ruddy out serve gown gave no triumph over the grace of the slender figure, but felt closely and was so close to it. The hands that moved to and fro in gesture and position were small and very white. Like an ideal of gentle puritanism she stood and spoke, and her voice was sweet to hear, and her words were clear and forceful.

"She is, indeed, good to see," I answered Kennedy as, for a moment, she did not notice her before. There is nothing like her in your book. Is she an exception?"

"He made no reply, and I saw that her words had moved him to interest, and that he was smiling and leaning forward. The thought came to me that he was studying his third chapter and added to my dislike of all that he had written.

The minutes passed, and her speaking grew very eloquent. The people could hear their "Glory to God in the highest." The smile left the face of the girl, and his breathing became more quick and his eyes more earnest. Though less moved than some, I felt upon my cheek the flush of contentment.

Still she spoke on, and her words were fast and high, as of one who wrestled with souls unto prevailing. And now I saw that the girl in the corner had forgotten her boy lover and was crying silently. And now I saw that Kennedy's eyes were closing and his face was pale. He had been gripped together and was trembling in the grip.

There was a sob in the woman's throat and a stay in her words, and then the sob was gone, and again she spoke. Now she made passionate entreaty that the sinner in the hall would repent that very night and give up his soul at the penitent form.

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And now it seemed to me that with eyes that were wet and wistful she gazed along the room to the eyes of Kennedy.

"This night, sister, this night and here, stand off your lead! Kneel at this form, and pray for the poor patient. Then, stand and give thanks for the mercy. We will pray with you, sister. We will praise with you, saved one. Oh, let not this time go! Repent this night—this night and here, I were content of this contrary, and at their end she still gazed along the room and waited for an answer. There came the answer. For a moment Kennedy stood at his side, bowed and trembling. Then in quick steps he went toward the platform, his hands and feet were his. He broke in like the face of a woman in hysteria of shock. With look of joy and triumph, she came to meet him and took his hands in hers and led him to the form to which she had pointed. Together they knelt, and she bowed almost for money upon him and for the lifting of his sins, and with her prayers went up his sobbing and the sobs of the men and women.

They stood again and faced the room, and I saw that the mother of an hour before, now shock and wept. And she, the girl, too, saw and held her hand upon his arm and looked to him in beautiful compassion.

"Will you speak, brother?" she said softly. "Will you testify to the change you feel?"

He covered his face with his hands, and for a time was silent. Then suddenly he lifted his head and began to speak. Upraised in his mind was the memory of the book, and in a voice that seemed broken and sometimes was clear he told the story. How that for months he had labored to win time for himself by bringing shame upon the Army, he told; how that his eyes had been blind to the good, his understanding over sleeping; how that on this night he had come to see, but had mercifully been led to repentance.

"What shall I do—what shall I do to show my repentance?" he said and looked appealingly to the girl.

"Brother," she said, with a smile of rejoicing, "let the destruction of the book be your act of faith. Together we will burn it at the penitent form. Will it not be well, brother?"

"Yes, yes, oh, yes," he said in wild earnestness. "I will get it, and we will burn it. Yes, yes, oh, yes."

Merrily he left her and walked to where the book lay at my feet. Giving me the book, he lifted it above his head with two hands; then turned and carried it to the room. With quick touch he unlocked the tape and spread the bundle about the form, then passed as if he needed something.

"Here, brother, here," said a burdman and landed from the platform and gave him a lighted match. Once more he bent to the form, with the flame he touched an overhanging sheet and another and another. His book began to die. A moment came to me, and I covered my eyes that I might not see.

Again I looked along the passageway. Many of the sheets were black and broken; the rest were burning to blackness. A fragrance, still sweet, drifted across the people and fell by my side. Unreasonably I lifted it and placed it in my pocketbook. The mood returned, and I looked from the group by the platform to one and another about the room, and then to the boy and girl lovers in the corner. For moments I watched them as they leaned, then turned and went through the doorway and along the street. From the open windows there followed an upsurge of praise. The book of Allister Kennedy was dead.—Penson's Weekly.

A FIVE STORY HANDICAP.

The Predicament of a Man Who Saw a Thief With His Bicycle.

One day last week a young man went to a dentist's office in Kansas City to have a bridge, with some teeth hanging to it, attached to his upper jaw. He rode to the building on his bicycle, which he left in the hall, and ascended to the fifth floor on the elevator.

The dentist's chair faced a window which looked out upon Grand avenue. The dentist had filled his mouth with cement and was pressing it up into the gum with his finger. The victim was gazing out upon the street with a martyr's expression on his face.

Suddenly the victim struggled to get his hand away from the grasp of the dentist.

"Ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh," he shouted in a muffled voice.

The dentist thought the man in the chair was having a fit, and, feeling that he ought to wait, he cemented, say nothing of several periods in teeth, and a gold and several hours' hard labor, he kept his finger in the victim's mouth, and a silent struggle took place. The man in the chair tried to rise. The dentist, who is something of an athlete, struggled to keep him down. This sort of thing went on for several minutes, until the dentist could feel that the cement had hardened. Then he took his finger out of his victim's mouth and let him up.

"What is the matter?" he asked the angry victim. "What in Sam Hill did you hold me down that way for? Didn't I tell you I wanted to get up?"

"I thought you were having a fit," answered the dentist apologetically. "I saw a thief going up the street with my bicycle. I knew it by the color and the way the tooling hung behind and the ribbons on the handle bar. Being up five stories is handwork, enough without having a bridge on his upper jaw, and I saw his first in my throat."—Kansas City Star.

An Unhappy Jury.

In the attorney's room in the supreme court in Auburn, after court, in his impressions, they sometimes blame away.

"I remember the time," said one of the attorneys, "in the days when Colonel Littlefield was sheriff, that Judge Walton was presiding and the jury were out on a run case.

"They had been out a long time, and Judge Walton was rather nervous and wanted a verdict. To his clear and far-sighted mind, the most remarkable in many ways that ever held jurisdiction in New England, there was no excuse for any prolonged consideration of the case by any jury.

"Leaning back, seemingly lost in thought, he suddenly sat bolt upright and looked to the shadow of dark waving hair. The ruddy out serve gown gave no triumph over the grace of the slender figure, but felt closely and was so close to it. The hands that moved to and fro in gesture and position were small and very white. Like an ideal of gentle puritanism she stood and spoke, and her voice was sweet to hear, and her words were clear and forceful.

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## SCALPED BY INDIANS.

It Happened Thirty Years Ago, and the Man Still Lives.

John Killa, a farmer living in Lower Mount Notch township, in Northampton county, has the distinction of being the only man in Pennsylvania, so far as is known, who has been scalped by the Indians and lives to tell about it. Mr. Killa's narrow escape from a horrible death occurred nearly 80 years ago, when, as a boy, he was a driver in a government train moving from North Platte, Neb., to Fort Laramie, Wyo.

The train had a small escort of United States cavalry, but was not prepared for an attack by the Indians. One August day, however, a band of 600 hostile redskins appeared in the neighborhood of the train and began active operations. The men belonging to the train and the soldiers, 14 in all, formed a kind of fort with the aid of wagons and made the best fight they could, but all but four were killed. Killa and three companions determined to mount their horses as a last chance and try to escape. The attempt was made, but Killa was thrown, and the last thing he remembers was being surrounded by dozens of hideously painted and howling savages.

When he became conscious again, he found himself lying in a dry ravine with two bullets in his body and a wide strip of flesh removed from the forehead and crown of his head. He was five miles from the scene of the fight. Evidently the Indians, thinking he was still alive, had carried him on one of their ponies for a considerable distance with a view to keeping him as a prisoner. No doubt they afterwards sold him to the conductor, thinking he was dead, and, scolding him, throw him to the ravine. They probably shot the two bullets into his body to make death certain.

Killa was able to crawl back to the trail, and in course of time was picked up by the soldiers and taken to the fort. He recovered, his wounds dressed, and his life saved. He soon after returned east and has since been engaged successfully in farming in Pennsylvania. His scarred head gives him a peculiar appearance, but he suffers in no other way from his remarkable experience.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Thrifty Irish Woman.

An Irish castle was once built at a cost of 4 pence, or only 8 cents of American money. It took a woman to accomplish this, and she was a poor woman, either, for she lived more than 360 years ago. She was Anastasia, the wife of John Archdeacon. Her husband having gone to war, she determined to surprise him on his return. She hired a large number of workmen, employing them with employed by her they should buy all their clothes and provisions from her. She managed the business so skillfully—and tradition does not excuse her of any unfairness or of taking advantage of the poor—that the castle was completed, and her ancestors showed that it had cost only the amount named. The castle now stands on the estate of Lord de Vesel, near Cork.—Buckley's Eagle.

British Territory.

It is possible to go round the world and touch every British territory all in one way. From England to Halifax, across the Dominion of Canada to Vancouver, across the Pacific to Hongkong, thence to Singapore, Penang, Mauritius, Cape Town, St. Helena and England, or from Penang to Ceylon, Bombay, Aden, Portin, Malta, Gibraltar and home.

Friends.

Never judge a person by his relatives, but by his friends. No one is responsible for his relatives. No they good, bad or indifferent, they are thrust upon him. But friends are self chosen, and what they are so is his person.

Otto II of Germany was the Red on account of the color of his hair and the darkness of his complexion.

The Record

That Shows Doctor Ballentine's Fitness for the Business of Making Medicines to Cure the Sick.

The Eight Years of Preparation. Matriculated in Study of Chemistry, 1880. Graduated at Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, 1883. Matriculated in Study of Medicine, 1883. Graduated at Hahnemann College, Philadelphia, 1886.

SERVICE IN GREAT HOSPITALS. Physician to Hahnemann Hospital, 1886-1887. Physician to Philadelphia Hospital, 1887-1888. Began the formation of the Ballentine Remedies in 1888.

Remedies. The Ballentine Remedies were made in factories and not by Doctors. Dr. Ballentine offered his remedy, the cure of a lifetime of study, to the people. 1890 Dr. Ballentine conducting the Largest Homeopathic Practice in the World, 1895.

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Colonel, I should say, see if that respondent won't please guide provided his line is put at \$60.

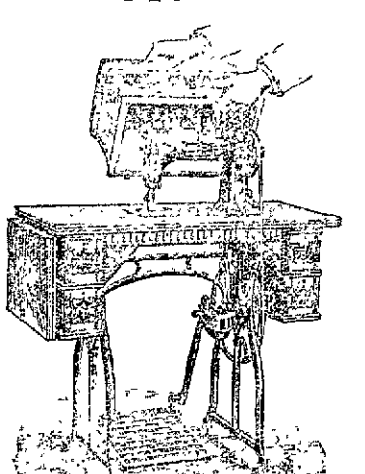
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